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NEW Adventure COMICS

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NEW COMICS

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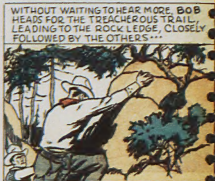
CAPTAIN JIM of the TEXAS RANGERS

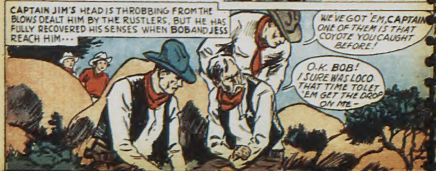
UNDER COVER OF THE ROCKS AND BRUSH, JANE AND JOHNNY HASTEN TO LOCATE BOB AND JESS.
OH JOHNNY, KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, I'M SURE I SAW A MAN BACK OF THAT ROCK!
MEANWHILE, DRAGGING CAPTAIN JIM INTO A CLUMP OF BUSHES, THE RUSTLERS TRY TO FIND JANE AND JOHNNY
HOLD STILL, DARNED YOU, OR I'LL SHOOT!
GOING BACK TO WHERE THEY HAD LEFT RUSTY, THE RUSTLERS TELL OF THE CAPTURE OF CAPTAIN JIM--
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FER THEM KIDS!
O.K. I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHIN' MOVIN' AWHILE AGO, BACK O' THEM COTTONWOODS.
UNSUCCESSFUL IN THEIR SEARCH FOR JANE AND JOHNNY THE OUTLAWS START FOR THE SHACK WHERE THEY HAD LEFT THEM UNDER GUARD.
HOW DID THEM KIDS GET OUT? I TOLD JAKE TO WATCH 'EM--
IT DON'T LOOK LIKE ANY BODY'S AROUND--BETTER TAKE IT EASY!
BOB AND JESS IN THE MEAN TIME, ARE CREEPING UP FROM THE DEAD WASH-IN' FOR CAPTAIN JIM TO HURL A ROCK FROM THE LEDGE

REACH!
BOB AND JESS SPRING TO THEIR FEET AS THE BURLY FORMS OF THE RUSTLERS SUDDENLY APPEAR--

AFTER DISARMING THE OUTLAWS, BOB AND JESS QUICKLY BIND THEM, ROPING THEM SECURELY TO TREE TRUNKS--
GOT YOU AGAIN, HOMBRE! THIS TIME FOR KEEPS!

JANE AND JOHNNY FINALLY LOCATE BOB AND JESS AND BREATHLESSLY TELL ABOUT CAPTAIN JIM--
THERE'S THE BOYS OF 'EM--UNCLE JIM--LYING ON THE ROCK LEDGE!


WITHOUT WAITING TO HEAR MORE, BOB HEADS FOR THE TREACHEROUS TRAIL LEADING TO THE ROCK LEDGE, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY THE OTHERS--


CAPTAIN JIM'S HEAD IS THROBBING FROM THE BLOWS DEALT HIM BY THE RUSTLERS, BUT HE HAS FULLY RECOVERED HIS SENSES WHEN BOB AND JESS REACH HIM--
WE'VE GOT 'EM, CAPTAIN! ONE OF THEM IS THAT COYOTE YOU CAUGHT BEFORE!
O.K. BOB! I SURE WAS LOCO THAT TIME TO LET 'EM GET THE DRop ON ME--

AFTER RELEASING CAPTAIN JIM, THEY RETURN TO WHERE THEY HAD TIED UP THREE POISONERS.

NOW THEN, LET'S ROUND UP THE REST OF THE GANG IN THE SHACK, AND WE'LL HAVE THE WHOLE OUTFIT!

SO THAT THEY CAN BE WATCHED MORE EASILY, THE POISONERS ARE REMOVED TO THE NARROW PASS LEADING INTO THE CANYON.

THEY'RE HEADIN' BACK TO THE SHACK!

YEH, AN' THEY'RE LEFT THE KIDS TO WATCH US!

MEANWHILE, THE TWO DUSTLERS IN THE SHACK WONDER WHAT HAS CAUSED THE SUDDEN LULL IN THE ATTACK...

I'M FER DUSTIN OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE'RE TRAPPED!

POSSESSING BUT A FEW MORE ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION, THE DUSTLERS DECIDE TO ABANDON THE SHACK FOR THE OPEN.

IF WE CAN REACH THEM HORSES WE'LL MAKE A CAMP!

FINDING NO ONE AT THE CAMP EXCEPT THE ONE RIDER THEY HAD LEFT ON GUARD, THE DUSTLERS FEARING TREACHERY, DECIDE TO STAMPEDE THE HERD, TO COVER THEIR OWN GETAWAY...

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MISTER DOODE

by HARRIS THE PRIMO

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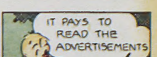
AN HONORARY IS SURE TO BE GIVEN INCLUDE THE CATCHOUSERS TOO!
YES SIR!
A WORD FROM THE REAR RANK



BOYS $20 FUN! Get agents for our Chicken Wheel Spin-o-Rama. Set them on fire. FREE PACKAGE of Chicken Wheels. Write MARVEL MFG. CO., Dept. 10 New Haven, Conn.

Don Coyote

by BILL PATRICK

DON COYOTE, WHILE PERFORMING FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE KING, SPILLS A LARGE BOWL OF HOT SOUP ON HIS MAJESTY'S HEAD
KNAVE!—VARLET! THOU SHALT DIE FOR THIS!
TO THE DUNGEON WITH HIM—TOMORROW HE DIES—BEHEAD HIM AT DAWN!
MERCY! YOUR HIGHNESS—MERCY!
THEY'RE GOIN' T'CUT OFF DON COYOTE'S HEAD IN TH' MORNING—HE—HE HAD AN ACCIDENT—WHAT'LL WE DO?
I'LL WAGER A WOODEN FARTHING YOU CAUSED THE ACCIDENT!
GIT GOIN' PEOLA!
HE'S IN YON TOWER!
'TIS WELL—TONIGHT WE WILL CLIMB THE TREE JUST OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW AND RELEASE HIM!
LATER
GOOD WORK LADY!—HASH, I FORGIVE THEE—BUT WE MUST FLEE ENGLAND TIS DAWN—THE KING IS AROUSED—HE IS VERY WROTH!

WELL LADS, OUR TOILSOME JOURNEY IS OVER—THERE'S THE SEAPORT—WE'LL SOON BE IN FRANCE!
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I WAS EVER GLAD TO SEE A WATER!

AGREED, MY GOOD CAPTAIN—FOR THIS, MY LAST GOLD THOU WILT LAND US SAFELY ON FRENCH SOIL!
AYE! AYE! SIR!
BY THE LOOKS OF YON TOUGH EGG, WE'D BE SAFER IN JAIL!

FAREWELL MERRIE ENGLAND—I SHALL RETURN WHEN THE KING COOLS OFF AND FORGETS!
HE MAY FORGET SO LONG AS THERE'S NO SOUP ON HIS TABLE!

PUT THEM IN IRONS—TOLERATING FOOLS!
OUCH!

SCOUNDREL?—RELEASE US AT ONCE—THOU HAST ACCEPTED MY GOLD—I DEMAND OUR FREEDOM!
QUIET! MY PRETTY BIRDS—TO GLADLY GIVE THEE BACK THY GOLD, BUT THOU WILT HAVE NOT FURTHER USE FOR IT!

THOU DIDST NOT LIKE OUR COMPANY SO I AM SELLING THEE TO A GALLEY SHIP WHERE THOU WILT BECOME A GALLEY SLAVES—HA!—HA!

HERE THEY ARE! MY FRIEND, THEY WANTED TO GO TO FRANCE—HA!—HA! THEY'RE IN A HURRY, TOO!
I'LL MURDER THEM WITH THIS KNIFE! I LEAVE THIS IMP OF SATAN TO THE AND
PUT THOSE TWO IN THE BOAT!

GET GOING, YOU LAZY PUP—CABIN BOYS ON MY SHIP MOVE WITH HASTE!
SMACK
CONTINUED

DALE DARING
DALE'S FATHER HAS BEEN KIDNAPED FROM A COASTWISE STEAMER OFF THE SHORE OF SOUTHERN CHINA. HE KNOWS THE LOCATION OF A CACHE OF ARMS AND AMMUNITION. THE BANDIT GENERAL, TSIN LEE, IS DEERLY INTERESTED. AFTER DARING COMES TO AS HE IS BEING LED FROM A CHINESE JUNK - TO SHORE

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE?
YELLY SORRY SIR, BUT MY MASTER WISHES TO SEE YOU

YOUR MASTER? WHO IS HE?
GENERAL TSIN LEE

SO SOLLY TO HURRY YOU, SIR, BUT HONORABLE GENERAL IS MOST ANXIOUS TO MEET YOU

MEANWHILE DALE, HAVING HEARD OF HER FATHER'S DANGER PUSHES INTO THE HILLS WITH A NATIVE GUIDE
IF WE GO FAST THIS DIRECTION, MISTY ME CATCH YOUR FATHER SURE

AND SCARCELY AN HOUR'S RIDE BEHIND DALE IS CAPTAIN BRENTZER OF THE U.S. MARINES - - - CO-OPERATING WITH THE CANTON GOVERNMENT AGAINST GENERAL TSIN LEE

I MUST REST - - - I'M NOT USED TO THIS MOUNTAIN CLIMBING - - -
NO REST, PLEASE, MASTER LOOK! NOT LIKE TO WAIT

LOOK, AL! --THERE'S A HEAVY OF RECON WAY OFF THERE!
THESE LONG SEE GLASSES BRING THEM WAY UP HERE, I THINK!
BAD! MISSY'S FATHER ALREADY IN BAG COMPANY!
OH!-- ARE WE TOO LATE? CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING?
TOO FAR AWAY-- LATER WE DO SOMETHIN'. MEBBE WHEN CAPA BRASS COME ALONG
HE'D BETTER WAIT HERE, THEN-- WE CAN SEE IN EVERY DIRECTION
AT LAST MISTER DARING IS BROUGHT BEFORE GENERAL TSIN LEE
WELCOME! MY DEAR MISTER DARING. I WILL NOT WASTE YOUR TIME AGAIN-- WHERE IS THE AMMUNITION HIDDEN?
I AM SORRY-- BUT I CAN NOT TELL YOU THAT!
YOU MEAN, PERHAPS, THAT YOU WON'T TELL TOO BAD--- BUT I HAVE WAYS OF LOOSENING STUBBORN TONGUES
MEANWHILE, SPEWSTER HAS CAUGHT UP WITH SALE & AL
--- SO, IT SEEMS DAD IS ALREADY IN THE HANDS OF TSIN LEE
THEN WE MUST PRESS ON AT ONCE-- THERE ISN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE ----

SANDOR
AND THE LOST CIVILIZATION

WHEN SANDOR ASCENDS THE ANCIENT STONE STAIRWAY IN HIS SEARCH FOR ELARA HE IS CLOSELY WATCHED BY A PYGMY OF RAJAH FROM A SHADOWED DOORWAY. SILENTLY CLOSING THE DOOR THE SPY HASTENS ALONG THE SECRET PASSAGE TO THE TEMPLE.

THE RAJAH IS INFORMED THAT SANDOR HAS RETURNED TO THE PALACE —

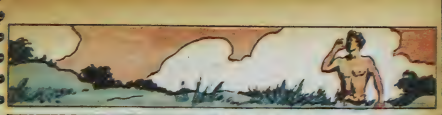
"TE-HEE-E-E — I WILL SOON HAVE HIM IN MY POWER, AGAIN!"

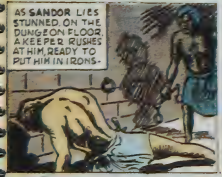
SANDOR BOUNDS UP THE STAIRWAY THAT LEADS TO ALONG DARK LIGHTED CORRIDOR AT THE END OF WHICH IS A SMALL DOOR

FROM A NARROW SLIT-LIKE WINDOW HIGH UP IN THE WALL A PAIR OF SINISTER EYES ARE WATCHING SANDOR APPROACH

HIS HAND ON THE LATCH SANDOR IS ABOUT TO THRUST OPEN THE DOOR WHEN SUDDENLY —

HE GRASPS FRANTICALLY AT THE AIR, ARMS, BODY, PLUNGES HEADLONG AT DOORWAY OPENING BENEATH HIS FEET —




AS SANDOR LIES STUNNED ON THE DUNGEON FLOOR A KEEPER RUSHES AT HIM, READY TO PUT HIM IN IRONS.

AS THE KEEPER BENDS OVER SANDOR, RECOVERING, GRASPS HIM BY THE NECK, TURNING HIM OVER, HIS HEAD STRIKING VIOLENTLY ON THE FLOOR!

HOLDING HIS FOE IN HIS VISE-LIKE GRIP, SANDOR QUICKLY SNAPS THE IRONS ON HIS WRISTS AND ANKLES!

SNATCHING THE KEY RING FROM THE KEEPER'S BELT, SANDOR LEAPS TO THE MASSIVE DUNGEON DOOR—

AS SANDOR FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR, HE BEHOLDS A NARROW PASSAGE WAY AND A STONE STAIRWAY. SUDDENLY HE STEPS BACK AS A SHADOW APPEARS FROM ABOVE, AND SOUNDS OF FOOT STEPS REACH HIS EARS...

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

CHARLES DICKENS

SOON ALL OF PARIS WAS IN A STATE OF AGITATION. PEOPLE RAN HERE AND THERE SHOUTING, "DOWN WITH THE ARISTOCRATS!"

GABELLE, WHO HAD BEEN WATCHING FROM HIS WINDOW SENSED DANGER AND SENT WORD TO THE SACRISTAN THAT THERE MIGHT BE NEED TO RING THE TOCSIN BY AND BY.

AS NIGHT CAME ON FOUR UNEVEN FIGURES WERE SEEN MOVING CAUTIOUSLY TOWARD THE COURTYARD.

A MOMENT LATER FOUR LIGHTS BURNED OUT AND EACH MOVED AWAY IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION.

PRESENTLY THE CHATEAU BECAME STRANGELY VISIBLE — THEN SUDDENLY BURST INTO FLAMES! OTHER LIGHTS SPRANG UP AND PEOPLE FLED FROM BURNING BUILDINGS

BUT GABELLE FOUND NO ESCAPE. HE WAS SEIZED BY THE REVOLUTIONISTS AND BROUGHT TO DARNAY'S WIFE'S HOME

ILLUSTRATED NARRATIVE

by Marna Gamble

HERE THEY PENNED HIM IN A CORNER AND REVILED HIM. "TRISTO" THEY SHOUTED, "TUTOR OF ARISTO, !"

"STOP MY CHILD, CHARLES DARNAY IS YOUR FRIEND! HE HAS RENOUNCED HIS ESTATE RATHER THAN BE A CURSED ARISTO YOU"

"THEN NO WORD CAN SAVE YOU" CRIED MADAME DEFARGE — "WHICH TO HIM, AND SEE IF HE WILL COME !"

FALTERINGLY HE TOOK THE PEN AND PAPER THRUST AT HIM AND WROTE TO CHARLES FOR HELP.

THE MOMENT HE HAD FINISHED SHE SNATCHED THE PAPER AND WITH A WILD SHRIEK OF LAUGHTER WAVED IT ALOFT. HE SUDDENLY REALISED HE HAD SIGNED HIS OWN DEATH WARRANT

BUT BEFORE HE COULD TRY OUT HIS SKILL TO SAVE CHARLES SHE HAD A STROKE AND FROM ISABELLE SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR — DEAD.

To Be Continued —

THE BLOOP PEARLS

RELENTLESSLY A CHINAMAN PURSUES / DOGGEDLY BASLYN SEEKS TO ESCAPE HIS FATE! BUT HE IS DOOMED!

DAYBREAK! BASLYN HAS BEEN RUNNING SINCE MIDNIGHT.

BAH! I'M MISSING ALL THIS PERSPIRATION - HE MANAGES TO BOARD A FREIGHT TRAIN.

TREMBLING AND DRENCHED WITH

THE BRAKEMEN ON THE FREIGHT TRAIN THINK THEY HAVE PICKED UP A LUNATIC.

YEH! I LET HIM RIDE FUR FIVE BULKS! THE SQUIRTLES ARE SURE AFTER THAT GUY'S TRAIL!

IT'S OF HERE AND TO GET A BITE TO EAT!

FEARFULLY, BASLYN LEAVES THE TRAIN AT DETROIT.

SCARCELY IS HE SEATED IN A RESTAURANT WHEN A FACE IS PRESSED CLOSE TO THE DINGY WINDOW.

NO CAN'T ESCAPE

LEAPING FROM HIS TABLE, BASLYN DASHES THROUGH THE KITCHEN AND DOWN AN ALLEY-WAY.

GET HIM! HE'S NUTS! THERE HE GOES!

MAYBE IT'S A GHOST THAT'S FOLLOWING ME? SAY! I'LL GO TO NEW YORK!
ELUDING THE CHINAMAN, HE PAUSES TO FIGURE HIS NEXT MOVE!
NEW YORK'S BIG! WE'LL NEVER FIND ME HERE!
8
RELIEF SURGES OVER BASLYN AS HE ARRIVES AT THE GRAND CENTRAL IN NEW YORK!
9
ROOMS TO RENT
I'LL GET A ROOM ON THE THIRD FLOOR!
CAUTIOUSLY HE RINGS THE BELL OF A GREASY LITTLE "ROOMING HOUSE."
I'LL TAKE THIS ROOM AND DON'T LET ANYONE DISTURB ME! DRAT IT!
10
BALMY! MY WORD!
11
THE LANDLADY FEARS SHE IS HARBORING A MANIAC!
I LOOK DIFFERENT! I'VE OUTWITTED HIM! HE WON'T KNOW ME WITH MY BEARD ON!
12
HE SKULKS IN HIS ROOM UNTIL HIS BEARD HAS GROWN!
?
13
HE VENTURES FORTH! FROM THE SHADOWS A LEAN CHINAMAN STARTS TOWARD HIM!

WE SEEM TO BE SO TIRED THAT COMMON DANGER MAKES LITTLE IMPRESSION ON US. SELFISH BEING WE ARE! BAH!
AGAIN BASLYN ESCAPES! HE COWERS IN A STORE!
MAYBE THE PEARL'S ARE WORTH IT! I'LL GET THEM AT ANY RISK!
15
I'LL BE GLAD OF A CHANCE TO GET AWAY FROM THIS GREENHORN AND HIS GIRL!
16
TAKING A CIRCUITOUS ROUTE, HE FINDS A PEARL DEALER NEAR PELL STREET
THE SEVENTH TIME
HE IS GOING TO GET ME!
WAIT!
17
THE SHOP IS EMPTY. BUT-FROM THE REAR-THE PEARL DEALER BIDS HIM WAIT.
18
SUDDENLY BASLYN IS TERRIFIED-A CHINAMAN IS SLOWLY ENTERING THE ROOM!
19
THIS IS YOUR PUNISHMENT YOU CANNOT ESCAPE IT!
INEXORABLE AS FATE, THE CHINAMAN ADVANCES! BASLYN KNOWS HE IS DOOMED!
20
WHO CAN IT BE? HIS THROAT IS CUT AND A FORTUNE IN PEARLS AROUND HIS NECK!
FIVE MINUTES LATER THE PEARL DEALER IS UNNERVED AS HE VIEWS A GRUESOME SIGHT!

THE WHITE MAN HAS PAID! LITTLE DID HE DREAM THAT I STOWED AWAY ON THE SAME BOAT TO FOLLOW HIM AND BE AVENGED!
I COME TO BID YOU FAREWELL!
22
YOUR TASK IS THEN ACCOMPLISHED YOU HAVE AVENGED THE DEATH OF YOUR HONORABLE BROTHER TSAO-CHUNG!
HEAD BENT A CHINAMAN ENTERS JOSS HOUSE ON PELL STREET!
THE HIGH PRIEST PEERS AT HIM THROUGH DIM ETES!
UNLUCKY THE MAN WHO WRONGS THE SON OF A MAN! WHO HAS SEVEN SONS! AND THE BLOOD PEARLS?
YES! BUT THE EVIL IN THE PEARLS DESTROYED THE WHITE MAN! MY UNWORTHY SELF WAS ONLY THE POOR INSTRUMENT!
23
THE BLOOD PEARLS ARE ACCURSED, FOR ARE NOT THE SEVEN CARDINAL SINS CLEARLY SHOWN IN THE SNAKE OF SEVEN RUBIES ON THE CLASP!
24
WHAT IS THE CURSE?
IT IS WRITTEN THAT MAN CANNOT RID HIMSELF OF THE PEARLS UNLESS THEY ARE BATHED IN THE BLOOD OF HIS UNTIMELY DEATH!
25
THE HIGH PRIEST LEARNS WHY BASLYN COULD NOT ESCAPE PUNISHMENT!
AND NOW-FAREWELL- I RETURN TO MY OWN COUNTRY IN DIGNITY BRIEFLY PAUSED TO BE THROWN INTO THE WATER LIKE FRIENDLESS SMUGGLED COOLIES WHILE STILL A HUNDRED FEET FROM SHORE. MY HONORABLE BROTHER TSAO-CHUNG IS AVENGED!
THE END!

Worth-While Pictures to Watch For

by I. W. MAGOVERN

COMON, brothers and sisters, climb on the merry-go-round again while we do a little chatting about the shadowy folks who drift across the silver screen of your favorite theatre.

What have you been seeing lately? Joe E. Brown in "Polo Joe"? Errol Flynn in "The Charge Of The Light Brigade?" "Pig-skin Parade?" "Lloyds Of London?" "Three Men On A Horse?" There's been quite a crop of good ones lately.

Those of you who saw "The Charge Of The Light Brigade" must have enjoyed the thrilling cavalry charge as the Lancers thundered across the plain and swarmed against the Russian fortifications on Balaklava Heights. Those "shots" were certainly terribly realistic - - - soldiers toppling from the saddles of their galloping mounts, horses sprawling and rolling on the rough ground as hundreds more thundered behind them, their sharp hooves presenting a very real menace to the horses and men in the front ranks who had to do the trick falls.

Did you ever stop to think what a difficult problem it is to film a scene such as that? The writer of the picture, sticking pretty close to historical fact, puts the scene into the script in words something like this: "The six hundred advance up a wide plain, grading upward toward the Russian entrenchments. They start at a walk, but as they get nearer their objective they break into a trot, faster and faster, until at last they level their lances and charge at full gallop. The enemy guns thunder, and shells burst in the ranks of the English. Men and horses are hit; they tumble and roll on the turf. The entire plain is dotted with puffs of smoke as shells explode and dig pits in the ground. Men and mounts continue to fall until only a bare remnant of the six hundred remain to finally storm over the Russian breastworks and carry the day in a hand-to-hand encounter with the soldiers of the Czar."

Nice going, Mr. Author. With that off your chest you can sit at your typewriter and go on to the next sequence of the film. But what about the poor director and his assistants? What about the technical men who have to transfer that exciting word-picture to the screen? Their task is a tough one, indeed.

Every shell explosion has to be accomplished by planting small charges of dynamite all over the field, and by wiring those charges to a central point where they can be set off by an electrical contact at precisely the right moment. They must be exploded when there is no horse nor man over them: even movie producers cannot kill men and horses in the name of realism. The spills that the players take have to be so timed as to be as safe as possible under the circumstances. Every shell, every bullet, has to be minutely examined to make sure that no morbid practical jokester has substituted real bullets for blanks. Capable riders have to be found, drilled and taught how to do the scene with a minimum of risk to life and limb. They all have to be fitted with uniforms which are authentic in every detail. Their swords, lances and guns have to be of the period they represent.

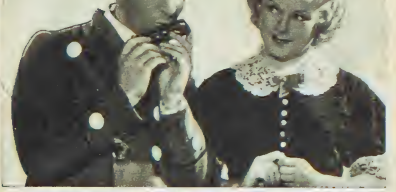
And before they even start to take the picture, "locations" have to be found that will look as nearly like the the Heights of Balaklava as possible. The ground has to

be prepared and graded so that there will be no snags or pitfalls for the hooves of the horses. Then the cameras have to be set up at strategic points, hidden behind bushes and other landmarks so that one camera will not take a picture of another camera at the same time it is taking a picture of the charge. Some of the closeup shots are taken by cameramen riding right with the troopers, armed with small, portable picture-taking apparatus, which they must be careful to hide from the inquisitive eyes of other cameras elsewhere on the location.

On top of all the highly technical aspects, there are many so-called "minor" problems to be met and defeated, such as transporting over six hundred men and six hundred horses to the scene of operations. Men and animals must be fed, too, which is quite a sizable job for the studio's culinary department. Then an assistant director has to be certain that all the principal players are on the location when it comes time to "shoot," and tons and tons of all sorts of equipment must be transported many miles to the chosen location. Even on days when the bright California sun blazes down on the countryside, electric lights—very powerful ones—are used to give the right lighting effects, and huge reflectors are placed all around the place, out of camera range, to make the light of the sun even more useful, and to keep direct rays out of the sensitive lenses of the cameras.

One detail on top of a thousand other details—that's the story of picture-making; infinite expense, time and energy expended on one scene that may, at the very outside, take up ten minutes of time on the screen. All that hard work, danger and heartbreak just so that *YOU* can have a few hair-raising moments.

We hope you appreciate it.



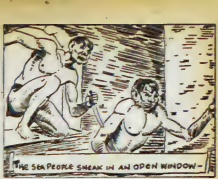
Borrah Minevitch shows Sonja Henie how easy it is to play a harmonica, and she seems to be enjoying it. The scene is from the 20th Century-Fox picture, "One in A Million."

OL' OZ BOPP
BY ALGER
THIS TRAIN FOR MA-GWAH, BA-WAH AND HAH!
CALL FOR MISTER ADLI-W-ZILL!
I'LL GO IN AND KILL A HALF HOUR!
BILL'S NIGHT CLUB
YOU'RE TH BWAH OF MY BLAHN AND TH' FWAH OF MY GWAH—
WHICH WAY TO THE CITY HALL?
WAPPA LASTICH DE BORSHKA
DE GOOGLY!
WUXTRY! PRAZ LTFL RANZ-FPT AY!"
I'LL GO!
BIJOU TONITE
COMEDY DRAMA

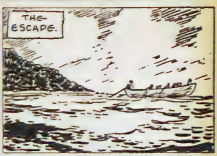
WAG-LL-EY WAG-LL-ZZ!
OO FEE MUFFA?
SHA PA FOO!
CHINESE TAUGHT TO GREEKS BY NOTTOLAS IN GREEK ST.
OFFICER, DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?
WHY- I PLATTER MYSELF THAT I DO - WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
HE POOR OLD FELLOW HAS FAINTED!

Steve Conrad
by Shaw
THE FATE OF STEVE CONRAD AND HIS FRIENDS IS IN THE HANDS OF THE DEVACHAN OF DOLOROSA ISLAND, WHOSE FIENDISH PLOT MAY COST THEM THEIR LIVES. STEVE CANNOT ESCAPE BECAUSE HIS BOAT AND RADIO HAVE BEEN WRECKED!
LOOK! A NOTE FROM CAPT. JUDD WE'VE GOT TO HURRY AND ESCAPE
COME BACK! FOOLS! HE'LL KILL YOU ALL
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME CAPT. JOEL.
JUST IN TIME FOR WHAT COME COME JUDD OLD BOY- ELUCIDATE.
MEANWHILE!
WHO IS THAT COMING UP THE BEACH?--
SAY - IT'S STEVE AND THE REST - HURRAH!
CAPT. JOEL JUDD GET THE BOAT READY. THE TIME HAS COME

AH-HA, THE FOOLS, THEY COME, NOW I KILL THE SWINE!

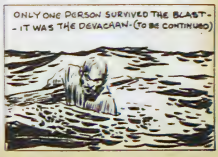

THE SEA PEOPLE SNEAK IN AN OPEN WINDOW—

AND HE PULLS THE LEVER!


THE ESCAPE.

THE DEVACAAN PULLED THE LEVER AND DESTROYED DOLOROSA ISLAND —

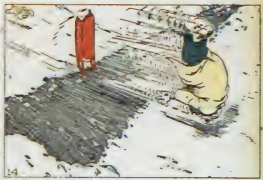
STEVE CONRAD AND HIS FRIENDS ESCAPE ABOARD A PASSING SCHOONER!

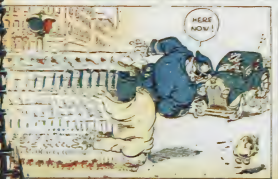

ONLY ONE PERSON SURVIVED THE BLAST— — IT WAS THE DEVACAAN! (TO BE CONTINUED)

HAYDI HAYDI

A MAN OF ACTION

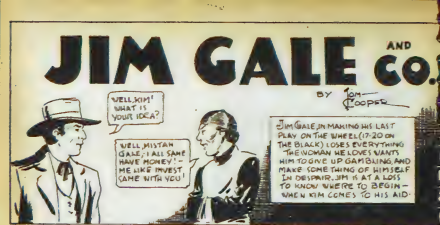
BUT OF FEW WORDS – by LEO E. O'MEALIA

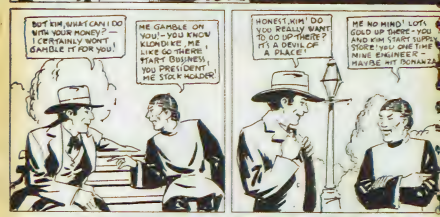


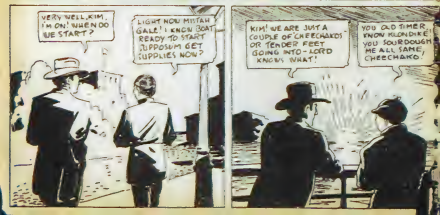


JIM GALE AND CO.

BY Jon Cooper


"WELL SKIM! WHAT IS YOUR IDEA?
"WELL MISTAH GALE, I ALL SAME HAVE MONEY! — ME LIKE INVEST SAME WITH YOU!
JIM GALE, IN MAKING HIS LAST PLAY ON THE WHEEL (7-20 ON THE BLACK) LOSES EVERYTHING THE WOMAN HE LOVES WANTS HIM TO GIVE UP GAMBLING AND MAKE SOMETHING OF HIMSELF IN DEUSHUR... SHE IS AT A LOSS TO KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN — WHEN KIM COMES TO HIS AID.


BUT KIM, WHAT CAN I DO WITH YOUR MONEY? — I CERTAINLY WON'T GAMBLE IT FOR YOU!
ME GAMBLE ON YOU! - YOU KNOW KLONDIKE ME LIVE GO-THERE! START BUSINESS, YOU PRESIDENT ME STOCK HOLDER!
HONEST, KIM! DO YOU REALLY WANT TO GO UP THERE? IT'S A DEVIL OF A PLACE!
ME NO MIND! LOTS GOLD UP THERE - YOU AND KIM START SUPPLY STORE! YOU ONE TIME MINE ENGINEER - MAYBE MY BONANZA!


VERY WELL KIM, I'M ON! WHEN DO WE START?
LIGHT NOW MISTAH GALE! I KNOW BOAT READY TO START SUPPOSIN GET SUPPLIES NOW?
KIM! WE ARE JUST A COUPLE OF GREENHORNS OR TENDER FEET GOING INTO - LORD KNOWS WHAT!
YOU OLD TIMER KNOW KLONDIKE! YOU SOURDOUGH ME ALL SAME, CHEECHAKO

SOMETIME LATER, JIM AND KIM FIND THEMSELVES ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF ALASKA —

AS SOON AS WE GET THE MULES ASHORE WE MIGHT AS WELL GET STARTED

WITH THEIR PACK MULES LOADED, THEY START UP FOR CHILKOOT PASS —

AFTER MANY WEEKS OF STEEP PASSES AND WINDING TRAILS THE TWO ARRIVE IN DAWSON —

NOW TO GET A SHACK DOWN FOR HEAD-QUARTERS. THERE'S A LIKELY LOOKING PLACE!

SETTLED IN THEIR NEW QUARTERS, JIM AND KIM OPEN FOR BUSINESS —

SIM GALE & CO
TAKERS OF
MINERS' SUPPLIES
AND
MINING EQUIPMENT

KIM, WE'VE GOT AN ORDER FOR A CAMP NEAR FORTY MILE! THERE IS A SCOW GOING DOWN THE YUKON. I'LL TAKE THE STUFF ON THAT

ALL SAME FINE MISTAH GALE! ME TAKE CARE HERE!

SHARING A SCOW WITH A MINER, JIM STARTS ON HIS JOURNEY DOWN THE YUKON — TO BE CONTINUED

The VIKINGS by ANTHONY

SUNDGRID, CAPTIVE IN THE DRUID HASYLWYN'S CAVE, IS INFORMED BY ELSA THE SLAVE THAT IVAR AND TWO VIKINGS HAVE ALSO BEEN CAPTURED

SUNDGRID SENDS A MESSAGE OF HER WELL BEING TO IVAR BY ELSA.

BUT IT IS INTERCEPTED BY HASYLWYN.

HASYLWYN SUBSTITUTES A MESSAGE FOR SUNDGRID'S TELLING IVAR TO ESCAPE THAT NIGHT FOR THE SAKE OF HIS AND HER OWN SAFETY

THE DRUIDS ARE PREPARING FOR THE FIRE FESTIVAL AT WHICH SUNDGID IS TO BE SACRIFICED.

SUNDGRID, HAPPY IN THE THOUGHT THAT IVAR, KNOWING OF HER PLIGHT, WILL COME TO HER RESCUE, BEGINS TO SING...
OUTSIDE THE CAVE THE DRUIDS GATHER TO LISTEN AWED AND DELIGHTED BY THE BEAUTY OF SUNDGRID'S VOICE AND BY THE SONG SAGA (STORY)
HASKWYN, MINGLING WITH THE CROWD, TELLS THEM TO LISTEN WELL. THAT SUNDGRID IS REALLY ONE OF THEM BY BIRTH.
THE DRUIDS, REALIZING THE TRUTH OF THIS, BRING SUNDGRID OUT OF THE CAVE AND WELCOME HER AS A DRUID
SUNDGRID, BEING BY LAW ALLOWED AT THIS TIME, ONE BOON, ASKS FOR IVAR'S RELEASE AND THE RELEASE OF THOSE CAPTURED WITH HIM.
BUT MEANWHILE, HARKATING ON THE FALSE MESSAGE, HAS ESCAPED AND WITH HIS TWO COMPANIONS REACHED SHORE AND ARE SIGNALING THE VIKING SHIP.

MARMION and DOUGLAS

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
'Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand.'
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms and thus he spoke:
'My castles are my king's alone
From turret to foundation stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.'

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire
And shook his frame for ire:
'Ant were not for thy hoary beard
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas head!'
Douglas burst forth: 'And dar'st thou then
Beard the lion in his den?
Lip drawbridge, then! what warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!'
Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need!—
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending razed his plume.
Then he a shout of loud defiance pours
And shakes his gauntlet at the towers.

HENRY GIBBS KIEFER

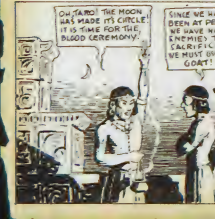
LAUGHING AT LIFE!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO FIGHT?
I TOLD YOU NOT TO BUY THAT BOW AND ARROW SET FOR JUNIOR!!
DON'T TELL ON ME - GRANDPA - WE'RE PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK!
HEY MOM! LOOK AT THE SWELL BUBBLE I BLEW!
FATHER!

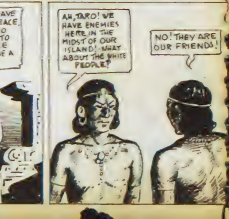
REMEMBER ME?? YOU SOLD ME A LOT OF STOCKS AND BONDS IN 1929
SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO - DOCTOR! I WAS JUST RUN OVER THIS MORNING BY A STEAM-ROLLER!
DR. PASTE PLASTIC SURGEON
I TOLD YOU TO BE MORE CAREFUL WITH THAT SAW!
AVIATOR: NOTHING! - I'M JUST COLD!
HAVE YOU ANY LAST REQUEST?
YEAH - SIT ON MY LAP, WILL YA, WARDEN?

CASTAWAY ISLAND

BY TOM COOPER

HE'S PROBABLY FALLEN INTO THE CAULDRON!
NOT HIM! HE WOULDN'T HAVE RUN IN HERE IF THERE WASN'T A WAY OF ESCAPE!
GUESSED BY BLACKFACE AND HIS MEN - SHARK LEADS THEM INTO DEVIL-DEVIL DOOR, HOPING THEY MIGHT GET LOST OR FALL INTO THE MOLTEN FIRE!


OH, TARO! THE MOON HAS MADE ITS CIRCLE! IT IS TIME FOR THE BLOOD CEREMONY!
SINCE WE HAVE BEEN AT PEACE WE HAVE NO ENEMIES TO SACRIFICE WE MUST USE A GOAT!

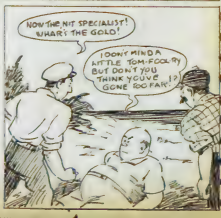


BLACKFACE, IN DISGUST, GIVES UP THE ATTEMPT TO FIND SHARK —
HE'S GIVEN US THE SLIP! NEVER MIND - I'LL TELL YA WHAT! THE KID MUST BE HIDDEN IN THE TEMPLE - WE CAN SLIP IN AND TAKE HER!
KINDA RISKY, BOSS!
GETTING THROUGH THE OUTER WALLS, BLACKFACE SNEAKS UP ON THE GUARDS OF THE SECRET SHRINE!
WITH THE GUARDS OVERCOME THEY ENTER THE TEMPLE —
QUIETLY NOW!
IN THE TEMPLE BLACKFACE IS AMAZED TO SEE THE JEWELED SHRINE OF GOLD! - OVERCOME WITH TEMPTATION HE AND HIS MEN GOUGE THE JEWELS OUT!
GEE, BOSS! KINDA DANGEROUS, AIN'T IT?
SAY! THIS IS BETTER THAN ANY RANSOM MONEY! GET ALL YE CAN!
TO THE SCHOONER! QUICK! BEFORE THEY FIND OUT! THERE WILL BE THE DEVIL TO PAY!
ARRIVING ON THE BEACH BLACKFACE GETS A SURPRISE — —
WELL I'LL BE —! SHE'S BEACHED AND MASTS GONE!
TO BE CONTINUED

GOOFO the GREAT
BY ALGER
TOWN HALL TONIGHT
GOOFO
- NOW GOOFO THE GREAT COULD MA
AUDIENCES LAFF
- AND STUN 'EM, AS WELL, SAWING WIMMIN IN HAFF !
GOOFO
A RIOT AT TOWN HALL !
THIS FELLOW'S A WHIZ !
OLDTIMERS AGREED THAT THIS KILLERS AND SUR
I NEVER SAW HIS EQUAL !
ALONGSIDE OF GOOFO, WERE NOT VERY MUCH !
BUT GOOFO'S CHIEF FAME IN LANDS GREEK FRENCH OR SPANIS WAS EA ON TH HE MA ARTIC VANI
Boy ! OH HE MAKE THINGS DISAPPEAR !!
BE HOW TH GREAT GOOFO MADE STUFF DISAPPEAR, A JAKER ONCE READ AND THEN SAID, WITH A SNEER,
COMPARED WIT' A GREZER WHO BOARDS HER WIT' ME DIS GOOFO GRABB IS STRICTLY CLASS B

THIS BOARDER BEGAN IN AN AMACHOOR WAY ALTHOUGH HE'S A "PRO", I ASSURE YOU, TODAY!
FROM ROOMS IN HOTELS HE MADE TOWELS DISAPPEAR. A MOST UNDISTINGUISHING PRACTICE, I FEAR!
AND THEN CHRISTMAS SHOPPING HED DO IN THE STORES BEFORE THE PROPRIETORS OPENED THEIR DOORS!
HE THEN STARTED ADDING TO WEALTHY FOLKS' JOYS BY NEATLY VAUDEVILLING WITH THEIR LITTLE BOYS!!
WELL, NOT TOO BAD FOR SON GRAND!
OF SAWING A LADY IN TWO YOU MAY PRATE - BUT THIS GENTLE FELLOW WOULD CUT YOU IN EIGHT!!
— THERE'S ONE LITTLE TROUBLE WITH ALL THIS, WE FIND — THE GUY CAN'T MAKE THOUGHTS DISAPPEAR FROM HIS MIND —
BOTH THOUGHTS OF HIS DOMICS AND THOUGHTS OF THE CHAIR" OCCASIONING NAUGHT BUT THE BLACKEST DESPAIR!!
FROM COPYRIGHT SMART PIX SAM THE SNAKE
SAID GOOSO - "HE MADE OBJECTS VANISH, THAT'S TRUE. BUT NOW THEY ARE GONNA MAKE HIM VANISH, TOO!!"

CAPT. SPINIKER



YOUR UNSEEMLY BEHAVIOR HAS INTERRUPTED A MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERY!
WHAT? DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE FOUND MORE GOLD!
NO! I'M ON THE TRACK OF A NEW SPECIES OF THE GENUS APHANITERA!
NEANIN' WHAT?
WHY GENTLEMEN! IN PLAIN LANGUAGE THE HUMBLE FLEA!
WHAT?
CAN YA BEAT THAT! AN ALL THIS GOLD HANGING AROUND!
SCONT WE GIT ABOARD WE'LL GIT GOIN-OLD POP LEG MAY BE NOSIN' AROUND
OH BOY! NOW FER OL' SINGAPORE!
DROP THET BOX, SQUID FACE!
GEE! CAP! WE WUZ ONLY DANGIN' IT FER 'IM
BANG!
TO BE CONTINUED

THE GOLDEN DRAGON
By Alex Raymond
REILLY RODE ALONG SIDE OF LIN, AND THE TWO MEN WERE THOUGHTFUL AND SILENT.
THE MANCHUMAN ATTACK OVER, LIN TIGHTENED HIS BANDIT ORGANIZATION, NOW IN BETTER SHAPE TO DEFEND ITSELF THE CANTONESE MOVED ON.
IT'S THIS LITTLE RECEPTION BY THE WHITE DEVILS, HERE AT THE GOLDEN DRAGON, HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET BY THEM? WITHOUT HAVING THE SHIRTS OFF OUR BACKS?
I DON'T KNOW YET WHAT THEY WILL DO NEXT, WE'LL HAVE TO WATCH OUR CHAP PRETTY CAREFULLY TO-NIGHT. THEY MIGHT TRY AND JUMP US IN THE DARK.
THE QUESTION OF A CAMPING PLACE FOR THE NIGHT WORRIED LIN, AND HE WATCHED AS WE RODE ALONG, FOR A LIKELY PLACE. AT LAST HE TURNED BACK AND CONFERRED WITH THE CANTONESE MASTER.
THERE IS A HALF RUINED MONASTERY AND A WELL-WATERED TWO MILES ALONG THE ROUTE. ITS COURTYARD IS LARGE ENOUGH TO SHELTER OUR ANIMALS AND ITS WALLS, WHICH ARE INTACT, MAKE A PLACE WHICH IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO ATTACK WITHOUT A HUGE FORCE.
GOOD! WE'LL SPEND THE NIGHT THERE.
IN ANOTHER HALF HOUR WE SAW THE RUINS AT THE FOOT ASTERN OFF TO THE RIGHT OF THE ROAD AND POINTED IT OUT TO REILLY, WHO STARED AT IT LONG AND CAREFULLY.
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT OLD RUIN THAT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD TO ME.

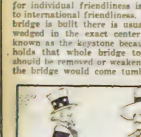
THE OLD SIGN WAS SURE SINISTER LOOKING AND WITH THE BACKGROUND OF DARK CLOUDS, WIND AND A COLD DRIZZLE IT LOOKS NOT A VERY ATTRACTIVE LOOKING CAMP. THEY CROSS OVER THE SURROUNDING STREAM ON A CRUDE ARMY OF ROTTING PLANKS.
1
THEY PASSED INTO THE GLOOMY COURTYARD WHERE THE CAMELS WERE UNLOADED AND PREPARATIONS FOR THE NIGHT BEGAN.
2
THE PLACE SEEMED DESERTED BUT IAN PLACED GUARDS FOR THE NIGHT WELL.
EBENS, TAKE THE OUTER GATE. YOU OTHERS, SEE TO THE OTHERS ABOUT THE CAMP.
3
KEN AND IAN ENTERED A LARGE DOORWAY AT THE FAR END OF THE COURTYARD. IT LED TO THE INNER MOST PART OF THE TEMPLE.
BOY! YOU SURE PICKED OUT A PLACE TO SPEND THE EVENING.
4
COME ON KEN, LET'S EXPLORE THIS PLACE.
AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF GHOSTS?
5
THE PLACE HAD THE ASPECT OF SOME FORGOTTEN MAUSOLEUM. THERE WERE NUMEROUS STATUES OF DEMONS AND GODS.
WOW!
SQUEEK
SQUEEK
6
THE TWO WHITE MEN STOOD THERE STARING AT THE HIDEOUS STATUES UNDER LOCKING THE SILENCE WAS BROKEN BY THE DISTANT TWANG AND RING OF A BELL.
DID YOU HEAR THAT?
A BELL, BUT WHAT ON EARTH MADE IT RING
7

INTERNATIONAL GOOD NEIGHBOR CLUB

FEBRUARY greetings to all you prospective Good Neighbor Club Members! And here's a surprise for early birds: There's a free 96-page book of comics waiting to go to each of the first ten members joining the Club! If you send in your application right now you may be one of the lucky ten whose names, by the way, will be printed on this page just as soon as possible.

The word "international" means "among or between nations" so that with one eye open you can see that our Club aim, at the outset, is to promote a neighborly spirit between all nations of the world. A pretty big order, isn't it? But if you'll open both eyes you'll soon see and realize that there isn't a single thing in the world too big to accomplish.

First of all, we want to establish friendliness between each and everyone of you, for individual friendliness is the keystone to international friendliness. When a stone bridge is built there is usually one stone wedged in the exact center of the arch, known as the keystone because it actually holds that whole bridge together. If it should be removed or weakened in any way the bridge would come tumbling down as



fast as it could. Once you have become a member of the International Good Neighbor Club you are going to be a keystone of a friendly bridge. Bridges are friendly things, anyway, for they join land together so that people on one side may travel across easily to visit and do business with people on the other side.

If the individual people of one country are friendly and neighborly and the same thing applies to the people in another country, it goes without saying that in all probability both those countries are going to get along together famously even if they aren't quite next door neighbors.

Canada and the United States are close together—live on the same block, you might almost say, for one country joins the other along a tremendous three-thousand mile border. Years ago the people of both these countries began in the right spirit: one of friendly good neighborliness, it was. We, in America, like Canadians, and they like us. If we'd felt like it, we might have started out by being extremely nasty to one another, and if we had there'd be very little good neighborliness between the countries now. It's just, you might say, that both countries and their people met over an imaginative cup of tea and a cookie or so, had a good friendly chat about one thing and another and got to know one another very well, and that led, to liking one another.

Just think back, even in the past month, to when you met someone and decided right off that you didn't like him. Remember? That was all there was about it, wasn't it? But quite frankly, you owe it to yourself as well as to that other person to make a decided effort to know him and be friendly with him. You'll be wanting more and more good friends as you grow up. Those of us who have a great many friends have them because we, ourselves, are friendly. Here's a splendid rule for us all to remember: "You get out of life exactly what you put into it." It works out, you see, with friends,

for if you should start right out by thoroughly disliking someone, ten chances to one that other person is going to wind up by thoroughly disliking you. It just might be that the other fellow was more friendly and neighborly than you were and would make an effort toward friendliness that would eventually result in your both being exceedingly good companions. But you can't rely on that. You have to remember that if you are friendly and kind other people are bound to be friendly and kind to you. What a merry world this would be if only everyone in it would remember that!

Here's a thing that has taught us a lesson: For the last month or so we've been passing a little news stand every day without so much as a nod or a smile for the news dealer. One rainy morning as we rounded the corner, there was a cherry smile and a "good morning" waiting for us. Needless to say, there was a welcome for the news stand man. Now, we nod a smile each morning and evening and you'd be surprised at what a friendly feeling is brought by even such a slim, friendly acquaintance. You just try it and see!

President Roosevelt has already set us an excellent standard in this matter of genial friendliness, and we ought to try to follow his lead wholeheartedly. His November trip to South America was made, especially, to build up a neighborly spirit between the United States and the South American countries. It doesn't matter at all that the whole of South America is thousands of miles away. Your own friends may live on the same block as you do, or they may live many blocks or miles away from you. We've a very dear old friend living in New Orleans while we're way up here in New York City, but every so often a letter travels and many miles between us bring news of one to the other, and always the best of neighborly and friendly wishes!

We International Good Neighbor Club Members are going to try to look upon people of all nations as our friends and neighbors. We all live in the same world and, while we may speak different languages, have different customs and modes of living, underneath everything we're the same sort of hearts and feelings. Quite naturally, some people are more kindly and friendly than others. It's easy to like those people. On the other hand you'll have to admit that some of us really aren't too friendly. There may be many reasons for this but the most likely one is that at some time or other we've bumped into such a lot of unfriendliness that we aren't willing to be bumped again. But we must try to realize that if we're busy avoiding unfriendliness we're bound to miss a great deal of friendliness while we're about it. Anyway, life isn't ever much fun without a few bumps now and then.

To begin our friendly Club, we're going to try to find Pen Pals for all our Members. When you fill out your application for Membership be sure to accompany it with a letter telling us about yourself—the things you like to do and to think about. And then tell us where you'd like to have a Pen Pal. Each month we'll list the names of Members who are on the lookout for letters from other Club Members.

All membership applications are going to be numbered as they are sent out so that if you have number 26 on your membership certificate you'll know that you are the 26th International Good Neighbor Club Member, and if you have number 5, you are the 5th member, and so forth. We're just as anxious as you are to know which of you is going to be our Number 1 Member!

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION
International Good Neighbor Club

Secretary, International GOOD NEIGHBOR CLUB, NEW COMICS Magazine, 373 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Dear Sir:—

Please enroll me as a member of the International GOOD NEIGHBOR CLUB. I enclose 10c to cover mailing charge for my Button and Membership Certificate, and promise to abide by the Club's rule:

To do everything in my power to firmly establish friendly relations between my country and the other countries of the world.

Name _____ Age _____

Nationality _____

Street _____

Town _____

CHIKKO CHAKKO

by ELLIS EDWARDS

SEÑOR SHERIF! HERE IS MY FIRST BANDIT THAT I CAPTURE!
BWAINO!
IT IS THE MAYOR!
CHIKKO! IF THE MAYOR LOOKS LIKE A BANDIT TO YOU---WHAT WOULD A REAL BANDIT LOOK LIKE?
LIKE THE MAYOR--
I HEARD EVERYTHING! I'LL LEAD CHIKKO TO REAL BANDITS!
PS-S-T! HERE ARE SOME BANDITS--TWO OF THEM!
BWAINO! DON'T COME BACK TO ME WITHOUT A BANDIT!
OUCH! MY NOSE--

HY, YOU NO
NT WHEN
CASE YOU
TH SUDDEN
IR-CUT?
SO! YOU THINK TO CUT MY HAIR WITHOUT MY PERMISSION -
MY POOR NOSE! IF THE BANDIT HADN'T NOTICED IT I MIGHT HAVE CAPTURED HIM
FOR CUTTING MY HAIR - I SHORTEN YOUR EARS!
AH! SEÑOR - I BRING YOU A BANDIT - - LIKE YOU ASK!
WHAT DOES IT MATTER THAT YOU CAN OUTRUN ME - I'LL CHASE YOU TILL YOU FALL OVER YOUR TONGUE!
STOP!
SEÑOR MAYOR - LEND ME YOUR BOOT - I NEED THE HIGH HEELS TO DO LITTLE TRICK I KNOW FROM FIGHTING CHICKENS!
ERE HE COMES AROUND HE CORNER - HURRY!
NE!
BUT!
AH! A NICE BEES BANDIT FOR EL SHERIF!
--BUT-- WAIT TILL EL SHERIF SEES THIS BANDIT!

HARDLUCK HARRY
BILL CARNEY
AL ZOESCH
SYNOPSIS
TORMENT—PST—SSSS S-SSS
VELL OLOOI HAR
CHEESE-FACED COWS SMOOCH
I STEP, FOR ONCE! I DON'T WANT TO
DON'T WORRY, SWEETIE, I'M AN EXPERT AT THIS SORT OF THING
WHOA!
CLEAN AS A WHISTLE ON MY WAY!

COME ON—NOW THE COAST IS CLEAR!
I'M COMING!
WE'VE ENOUGH FOOD FOR A MONTH!
WE SLIP AWAY SILENTLY AND VERY SOON WE'LL BE WITH
WHAT'S THAT?
OH AYE, SIR?
THE LIGHT NOW PROVISIONS WE'RE JUST BELOW THE SKYLIGHT, HURRY FOR US!
AT! GO— NO TIME TO BE PRESENT
HOW DO I GETTEN ON?
COME ON, YOU THING, YE BE NOW — YOU'S OUT
OH YEAH?
SLUGGER!

ON THE NEXT PAGE:

FOE of The BORGIAS

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE!

FOE of The BORGIAS

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!
A thrilling picture-novelette of the days when hate, greed and murder ruled governments—

RAFAEL COLONNA, ALONE AT MEAT IN THE CASTLE OF HIS LOVE, THE PRINCESS YOLANDA, PERCEIVES A SINISTER REFLECTION ON THE BURNISHED SURFACE OF A BREASTPLATE HUNG UPON THE WALL.

THE YOUNG KNIGHT LEAPS AT HIS WOULD-BE ASSASSIN
WITH A POWERFUL BLOW RAFAEL SENDS THE KNIFE CRASHING TO THE FLOOR
AND NOW, MESSER ASSASSIN" THREATENS RAFAEL, "TELL ME WHO SENT THEE, OR I TURN THEE OVER TO THE TORTURERS!"
"MERCY, MY LORD, MERCY!" PLEADS THE MAN, "I WILL TELL THEE ALL I WAS SENT BY ASCANIO MALATESTA, WHO EVEN NOW HOLDS LADY YOLANDA HIS PRISONER!"

"THROW THIS RASCAL INTO THE DUNGEON," SAYS RAFAEL TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD," AND CALL OUT THE MEN-AT-ARMS ---- I GO FORTH TO RESCUE THE PRINCESS YOLANDA!"

"I FEAR THE TASK WILL BE DIFFICULT MY LORD" --- REPLIES THE CAPTAIN

"MALATESTA'S FORCES HAVE BEE JOINED BY THOSE OF CESARE BORGI AND EVEN NOW THEY SURROUND TH CITY!"

"TO THE RAMPARTS, THEN!" CRIES RAFA

BORGIA'S TROOPS ATTACK THE NORTH AND EAST WALLS OF THE CITY, WHILE THE MALATESTA BESIEGE THE SOUTH AND WEST. THE DEFENDERS ARE OUTNUMBERED ALMOST THREE TO ONE.

VALIANTLY THE MEN OF THE CITY RESIST THE ATTACK.

A DARING PLAN COMES TO THE MIND OF RAFAEL COLONNA. DURING A LULL IN THE FIGHTING HE SUMMONS THE GUILD OF TAILORS TO THE GREAT HALL OF THE CASTLE.

FEVERISHLY THE TAILORS WORK ON TUNICS TO RESEMBLE THOSE OF THE BORGIA MEN AT ARMS.

TWO SCORE OF COLONNA'S MEN IN THE SCARLET AND YELLOW TUNIC

THEN, THROUGH A SECRET GATEWAY IN THE WALL, THE TROOP RUSHES OUT TO DO BATTLE WITH MALATESTA'S MEN.

RAFAEL'S RUSE WORKS; MALATESTA GROWS ANGRY. "THOSE BORGIA DOGS! THEY HAVE DONE TREACHERY UPON ME!" HE CRIES

WHILE BACK IN THE CITY
"WITH THESE DOGS FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES, THE CITY IS FOR THE MOMENT SAFE. --- I GO ALONE TO RESCUE YOLANDA!" SAYS RAFAEL. "'TIS MADNESS, MY LORD!" REMONSTRATES THE CAPTAIN

THROUGH THE SECRET GATE RAOUL SPURS TOWARD THE CASTLE OF MALA TESTA, RUTHLESSLY CUTTING DOWN THE FEW WHO DARE MOLEST HIM.

RIDES NOW TOWARD YOUR CASTLE, VALIENTE A SHY INFORM MALATESTA, BUT AS FOR HARUN AS HE IS BRAVE," REMARKS MALATESTA.

"TO SADDLE A SCORE OF YOUR RIDE WITH ME," COMMANDS MALATESTA

RAFAEL ARRIVES AT THE CASTLE OF MALATESTA.

STILL ATTIRED IN THE BURKA UNTIL RAFAEL DOUBLES ON A GOOD STROKE.

"RIDE SWIFTLY!" SHOUTS RAFAEL. "YOUR MASTER, MALATESTA, AND THE TROOPS OF CESARE BORGIA ARE HARD PRESSED — THEY HAVE NEED OF THEE!" "AYE, CAPTAIN, WE GO!" REPLIES THE SOLDIER.

WITH THE CASTLE VIRTUALLY DESERTED, RAFAEL HURRIES TOWARD THE TOWER IN WHICH PRINCESS YOLANDA IS HELD.

A TOWER GUARD QUESTIONS RAFAEL, AND [illegible]

SWIFTLY THE YOUNG KNIGHT MOUNTS THE WINDING STAIRS

VANQUISHING THE LAST TWO GUARDS, RAFAEL REACHES THE SIDE OF HIS LADY LOVE.

RAFAEL FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE ASSAILERS IN THE COURT YARD, WITH YOLANDA CLOSE TO HIS SIDE.

THEY GALLOP OFF ON RAFAEL'S STURDY CHARGER JUST AS THE THUNDERING HOOVES OF MALATESTA'S HORSEMEN APPROACH THE CASTLE.

"I KNOW NOT HOW SAFE THY CASTLE IS, MY LOVE," SAYS MAHAL,
"BUT THOU ART SAFE, AND THOU ART WITH ME — I CAN ASK NO MORE!"

FEDERAL
MEN
"UNCLE SAM'S G-MEN IN ACTION"
MAD KILLER SPREADS E-KILLER TERROR
A HIDEOUS "TRADING STAMPED" THAT SWEEPS PANIC SPIRITS SWIFTLY AS WORD SPREADS THAT A MAD KILLER HAS A DEADLY KNACK WITH A POISON-TIPPED KNIFE!
HONEST! I AIN'T HEARD NOTHIN'!
LISTEN, STOOLIE, IF YOU'RE HOLDING OUT ON ME...
PEARLY!! A BREAK!
I'LL BE GET YOU, SOME DAY, COPPER!
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK IN THE CELL AGAIN!
I'LL BE BACK!
I'LL BE BACK!
I'LL BE BACK

REACHING THE ADDRESS JUST AS SAMMY LEAVES, STEVE DECIDES TO SHADOW HIM.
WHERE Y GOIN, SAMMY?
MIND YER OWN BUSINESS, SEE?
THE TRAIL LEADS TO A LARGE MANSION, AS STEVE WATCHES FROM CONCEALMENT, SAMMY ENTERS.
SAMMY LOOK FAMILIAR, DAD, ME TO THE HOUSE OF THE STEVE DOOR. NOW IT'S EARLY-WILL HAVE MANY TO BE BACK THERE TWO.
AFTER A TREMENDOUS BATTLE!
SAMMY, YOU MEAN YOU'VE BEEN WORKING FOR ANOTHER SYNDICATE ALL THIS TIME?

FORCED TO ENTER THE MANSION AT THE POINT OF A GUN, STEVE IS SEARCHED AND HIS CREDENTIALS DISCOVERED.
A FEDERAL MAN! I'M AFRAID YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, STEVE BARRON, AT THAT! WELL, WELL, I MUST SAY YOU'RE RUTHLESS IN YOUR METHODS!
I'D MAKE MY LITTLE DINNER A LITTLE BIGGER IF I KNEW I'M THAT GAY!
BUT WHAT ABOUT MR. BOSS? THAT COPS — THE LITTLE YOU... I GOTTA HAVE IT!
WHAT I SAID STILL GOES, SAMMY! NO DOUBT YOU'LL DO NOW FORGET THAT AND HELP ME FIND ALIN HOLCOMBE FOR THIS CRIME!
YOU WANTED TO PUT ME ON THE WEDGE, EH? WELL, I'M ON THE WEDGE — ON THE COUNTRY, WELL, CAN'T BE BOTH, BECAUSE HERE I AM ON FORTUNE IN NARCOTICS!
STEVE'S ARMS ARE TIED TO A POST BEHIND HIM
THAT'S RIGHT, SAMMY, MAKE IT GOOD AND TIGHT!
WHAT YA STANDING AND GAPING AT, IN WHY?
WHY, I HAVE A BETTER IDEA! INSTEAD OF BE A SQUEALER IN THIS UNFORTUNATE FEDERAL MAN I WOULD PREFER TO BECOME A HERO
WELL, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M GOING TO DO!
WHAT'S THAT MEAN TO THE BAD GUYS HE'S
I'M GOING TO GIVE THEM THE BREAK OF THEIR LIVES!

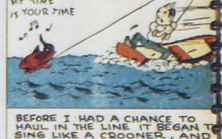
TURNING, THE BOSS FILLS THE NEEDLE
I BELIEVE I'LL GIVE YOU AN EXTRA STRONG DOSE. I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO THINK ME AN UNGENEROUS HOST!
SAMMY . . . WRACKED WITH THE SOUL-SEARING PAIN AND THIRST WHICH IS THE CURSE OF THE DRUG-FIEND . . . HALF-MAD WITH DESIRE . . . CATCHES HIS BOSS'S SARDONIC WITH MOUNTING AGONY AND EXCITEMENT
DON'T LOOK SO RELUCTANT, CARSON! A FEW MORE INJECTIONS AND YOU'LL BE BEGGING FOR THE STUFF!
YOU FIEND! --- YOU FIEND!
NO! YOU CAN'T GIVE IT TO HIM! I WANT IT!
AS SAMMY SWOOPS EAGERLY DOWN FOR THE HYPO WHICH HAS DROPPED FROM THE STABBED MAN'S FINGERS . . .
AT LAST! I'VE GOT IT!
YOU GET YOU HAVE! SQUARE ! IN THE CHIN!
FINISHING HIMSELF, STEVE PUSHES HEAD QUARTERS ---
YEAH! --- SEE THAT THE AMBULANCE GETS HERE AT ONCE! WELL, CHIEF, WITH BOSS LEADEN NOW OUT OF THE WAY, ROUNDING UP THE SMALL FRY WILL BE A SIMPLE ROUTINE!
NEXT ISSUE!
THE DRAMATIC STORY OF HOW MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR FEDERAL AIDES CLUB SAVE STEVE CARSON REAL HERO IN ONE OF HIS TOUGHEST CASES!

SEND YOUR DERN LIE OF APPROXIMATELY ITS WORDS TO TALL STORY EDITOR, NEW COMICS MAGAZINE, 575-4TH AVE., N.Y.C. IF PUBLISHED YOU WILL RECEIVE $1.50

IT'S A DERN LIE

AS TOLD BY
ROBERT HEILES
31 PARK AVE.,
MAPLEWOOD, N.J.

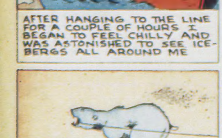
ONE DAY WHILE I WAS FISHING IN THE TREACHEROUS WATERS OF BIBBY'S CREEK I HOOKED A SMALL BUT POWERFUL FISH KNOWN AS THE QUIDDER.



BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO HAUL IN THE LINE, IT BEGAN TO SING LIKE A CROONER, AND PULLED MY BOAT OVER THE WATER AT A TERRIFIC RATE.

AFTER HANGING TO THE LINE FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS, I BEGAN TO FEEL CHILLY, AND WAS ASTONISHED TO SEE ICEBERGS ALL AROUND ME.

THEN, IN AN EFFORT TO GET OFF THE HOOK, THE QUIDDER LEAPED OUT OF THE WATER, AND DOWN THE THROAT OF A SURPRISED POLAR BEAR.



THE BEAR STARTED TO PULL THE BOAT ASHORE IN HOPES OF DEVOURING ME WHEN HE WAS BESET BY A SWARM OF HUGE MOSQUITOES.

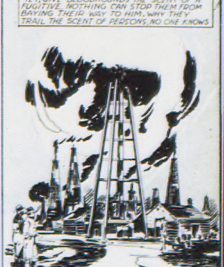
HE AT LAST BECAME SO WEAK FROM BATTLING THE PESTS THAT I EASILY KILLED HIM WITH JUNIOR'S PEA SHOOTER. HIS SKIN MADE A FINE COAT FOR MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

DO YOU KNOW?

THE DIVINING ROD FOR LOCATING HIDDEN SOURCES OF WATER HAS BEEN DENOUNCED BY MEN OF SCIENCE AND WATER SUPPLY ENGINEERS; IT HAS BEEN REPEATEDLY REPUDIATED AFTER CAREFUL TESTING; YET THE ROD HAS HIGHLY EDUCATED DEFENDERS

THAT BLOODHOUNDS ARE GENTLE AND PEACEFUL DOGS THEY DO NOT ATTACK THE PERSON TRAILED AFTER THEY CATCH UP TO HIM. THEY SHOW NO INTEREST IN HIM AT ALL YET, GIVE BLOODHOUNDS THE SCENT OF A FUGITIVE, NOTHING CAN STOP THEM FROM BAYING THEIR WAY TO HIM, WHY THEY TRAIL THE SCENT OF PERSONS, NO ONE KNOWS

WHY BIRDS, MIGRATE FOOD AND TEMPERATURE PLAY NO PART IN THE URGE TO TRAVEL THE MOVEMENT SOUTHWARD BEGINS IN JULY AND REACHES ITS GREATEST VOLUME WHEN THE MOST ADVENTUROUS, THE NORTHWARD FLIGHT BEGINS IN JANUARY. VAST NUMBERS OF BIRDS LOSING THEIR LIVES IN WINTER STORMS.



THAT PETROLEUM IS OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN? WHEN FIRST FOUND IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A PRODUCT OF COAL - THE TURPENTINE OF ANCIENT PINES - AND WAS CALLED COAL OIL A LATER GUESS WAS THAT IT WAS THE OIL OF ANIMALS AND FISH OF ANCIENT TIMES ANOTHER IS THAT IT IS A MINERAL CHEMICAL COMPOUND - NOBODY KNOWS.

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